THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

50 per Year, invariably in Advance. | Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles. | Single Copies, Five Cents

VOL. VIII. | WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883 | NO. 8

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake,
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is Divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
The whole world shall be delighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
And the good that I can do.

Firework-Making.

HOW ROMAN CANDLES AND SKY ROCKETS ARE MADE.

An article in the London *Daily News* on fireworks says:

A visitor to one of those case-making sheds in which a good fire my be roaring in an open fireplace will perhaps be rather startled to notice a number of barrels and jars, which he will be apt to assume are filled with firework-making material of an explosive character, or they would not be in a building with a fire in it. These receptacles represent the most modern development of the pyrotechnic art. Just take a dip into this barrel and bring out a little of its contents on the point of a knife and hold it in the dark part of the gas flame. It is arsenite of copper and sal ammoniac, and instantly the broad light of noon-day is overpowered with blue glare that would have fairly astounded Friar Bacon, or the Heathen Chinee, or John Babington, or any other artificers of ancient days. We make another dive and bring out a little chlorate of baryta, and a dazzling outburst of green is the result when placed in the flame. Here is a barrel of sal ammoniac which is combined with color-giving substances to give depth and intensity. Another receptacle holds chlorate of potash, a source of oxygen gas, without a good supply of which neither fireworks nor those for whose enjoyment they are made can be expected to be bright. Some of the coloring matter are very perilous. If, for instance, a of a compound of nitrate of strontia sulphur and potash—the source of the most vivid red color known to chemists—if a little of this should be left after a display at the Crystal Palace, it is always either fired or buried. It is too dangerous to attempt to store. All this branch of pyrotechny is of quite recent development. Forty or fifty years ago colored fireworks were unknown, or nearly so.

Perhaps the most delicate and interesting feature of modern firework-making is the charging of Roman candles—those colored balls which are puffed out softly into the air one after the other without any report, and which always are recognized as such a pretty feature of the Sydenham displays. The public like to see these balls thrown out with exactly an equal force so as to play just within the same sphere. In order to secure this, very careful adjustment is necessary. The fiery balls of color are little lumps of composition filled into the case, and separated from each other by a layer or "dark fire," a little charge of gunpowder being just underneath. It is this little charge of powder which blows them into the air, and if all the charges were alike, every ball would be thrown out a little farther than its predecessor, because the deeper down in case an explosion takes place the more violent it is, the resistance being greater. To obviate this, the charge of powder is made to increase as the tube is filled up. The workman who fills a Roman candle, therefore, has before him a series of little scoops of different sizes for measuring the powder, and uses them in succession, the smallest being used for the first ball put in, and the largest one for the ball at the mouth of the tube. The "dark fire" is a composition which only smoulders, and which, therefore, does not burn down to a second ball until the first has performed its graceful progress through the air. Of all fireworks the rocket is perhaps the most beautiful, and it certainly is the most curious in its structure. Some of the best of them are said to rise to a height of more than a third of a mile, and this amazing power of flight is secured by running in very tightly into the rocket-case a composition which burns fiercely, and generates gas very rapidly when once lighted, but which has only a very small vent for its fury at the lower end of the case. The gas generated inside rushes out with such violence against the air outside that the rocket is driven upwards by it, the tail of the comet consisting of the sparks of the fire burning within. Rocket making of course forms a large part of the work of any fire-work factory. In one shed the cases are being made; in another building sticks are being split up and rounded at the head so as to fit into the rocket case. In a third all sorts of curious burdens are being prepared for the fiery messengers whose heads are holding chambers capable of holding "tail stars," comets, colored stars, golden rain, floating lights, and a score of other surprises when the rocket can rise no higher.

Tramping all day through bush and brier, fighting flies and mosquitoes and branches that tangle the line, and snags that break the hook, and returning home late and hungry, with wet feet and a string of speckled trout on a willow twig—this is pure happiness, the like of which a boy will never have again.—*C. Dudley Warner.*

"OVER THE WIRES."

First, I must tell you who I am, and how I came to be in the Baysville bank in the "wee sma' hours" one dreary December night, some three years ago.

My name was then Olive Hudson, and I was seventeen years old that same December night, and so small that Mrs. Knight's Dolly, who was not twelve years old, was half a head taller than myself.

We were rich folks once, but father died and left us very poor. Mother struggled along in a weary hand-to-hand fight with poverty until I was sixteen, and then died. She had rented two rooms of Mrs. Knight, a widow, also, with two stalwart sons, an aged father, and two daughters. After mother died I was adopted by the Knights, and, although I was earning my support as music teacher in the Baysville academy, I was like one of the family when I was in my good landlady's home.

They were all in good positions, but by means an aristocratic family. John, the eldest son was in New York in a wholesale sugar house; Tom was the night watchman at the Baysville bank building, and grandpa—we all call him grandpa—as telegraph operator of the town, while Mary was a milliner and Dolly stayed at the office, sending and receiving messages.

The Baysville bank building was a large granite structure, containing the post-office and bank on the first floor, the telegraph office and a number of private law offices on the third floor. In the basement were postoffice rooms for sorting the mail, and also the large bank vault.

I knew the building well, for I was fond of telegraphing, and spent half my leisure time perched up beside grandpa while he slept peacefully or read the newspapers.

And that was the beginning of my amusement at Dryden, the next station. The operator at Dryden was a wit, and flashed nonsense to our office, but if I were there I sent back jest for jest, and sometimes an hour slipped by like a minute as we talked over the wires of every topic under the sun. He called himself "Lion," and I, for nonsense, signed myself "Elephant," laughing as I did so at the reflection of my tiny figure in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles from Baysville, was C——, a large commercial town, the nearest railway station, and where an office was always open for the accommodation of travelers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the night watchman of Baysville bank building, and a lonely time he had of it. The last mail came by stage at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the post office was vacated at six. The bank closed at three, and by six o'clock every office was deserted for the night.

At seven Tom was on duty, and grandpa, who was resting at night, was in the habit of taking down some coffee and luncheon, as the building was only a stone's throw from the house.

On the December night I have already mentioned, it had stormed heavily all day, and I had taken a new class at the academy, coming home later in the day than usual, and excited over my increase in salary.

Everybody else had gone to bed, and I was lingering over the kitchen fire with Mrs. Knight, dreading the plunge into my cold room, where I had allowed the fire to go out.

The clock struck twelve, and Mrs. Knight, lifting her face from over the fire, said:

"Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep on the sofa in the sitting room. I'll have Tom's basket ready by the time grandpa has his hat and coat on. I hate to call him, for he was complaining of rheumatism all day, and the ground is very wet although the storm is over."

"Let him sleep," I said; "I'll run over with the basket. It is but a step."

"But it is so dark; are you not afraid?"

"Not a bit; I'll slip on my waterproof and rubbers, and draw the hood of my cloak over my head."

"Well, if you will, though I am afraid Tom will scold at my letting you go."

"I'll put down the basket and run, and he will never know who left it."

"Go into the rear basement door; he leaves that open for grandpa."

"I know."

I grasped the handle of the basket, and hurried across the space between the building and the house, and stole softly on at the basement door, in pursuance of my plan to drop the basket and run.

In my rubber shoes my steps were noiseless, and I had scarcely passed the threshold when I stood rooted to the floor in terrible amazement.

Somebody was talking.

I crept forward and listened. There was a man in the vault, and a light shone under the door.

While I listened somebody said:

"There is a confounded draft here; did you shut the door Smith?"

"Yes, but the wind might have blown it open."

I had just time to dart under the staircase and crouch down, when the door of the vault opened and a man came out.

He crossed the entry, drew two heavy noisy bolts, fastened the door by which I had entered, and returned without closing the vault door.

I could look in by the dim light and see two men working at the safe locks by the stream of light thrown from a dark lantern.

There was the outline of a man bound and gagged upon the floor, and I could only conjecture that it was Tom, for I could not see distinctly.

There I was nicely caged, for it would be impossible for me to draw those heavy bolts without attracting notice. And the bank was being robbed, that was evident. How could I prevent it? I could not reach Tom. Suddenly I remembered the telegraph office on the second floor. If I could summon help from C——, it was only five miles, and there was a long job for the burglars before they could open the safe.

I could creep around the staircase. If one of these busy men turned his head I was lost. I softly crept on all fours, slowly, watchfully and gained the stairs. Up I darted, blessing my India rubber shoes, till I gained the door of the telegraph office. All was dark there and I dared not strike a match.

I listened, and then leaving the door open, groped my way to the well-known desk and gave the signal for C——. I could hear my heart throb as I waited for the answer. It came! Still working in the dark, I sent this message:

"Burglars in the Baysville bank vault! Watchman gagged and bound! Can you send help?"

Again the agony of suspense in listening, but at last the sound reached me:

"Will send help immediately!"

I crept to the head of the staircase afraid the clear ring of the instrument had been heard in the vault, but no one came up stairs. The windows of the telegraph office faced the street, so I returned, bolted myself in safely and sat down to watch.

The town clock gave one resonant stroke, breaking the deep silence, and no signs of life were visible in the long stretch of road leading to C——. I was numb with cold, wishing heartily that I had not left Tom's basket under the staircase, thinking regretfully of my own cozy bed, when I heard afar off the sound of horses feet.

No sister Anne, in Bluebeard's tower, was ever more watchful than I was then. Would the burglars take the alarm?

The building made a corner of two streets and I saw eight mounted men dash up the road, separate, and while four dismounted in front, four went to the rear.

The burglars were unprepared for this flank movement, for while the police in front were thundering at the main entrance, the robbers rushed to the rear basement door right into the arms of the police stationed there.

I could hear the hubbub, pistol shots fired, the scuffle of feet, cries, oaths and general confusion; and I slipped down stairs and out of the now deserted main entrance and ran home.

Everybody was in bed, and I went to my room, had a crying spell, and comforted my half frozen body in double blankets, where I soon fell asleep.

All this was on Friday night, and I had no teaching to do until Monday; so I slept late, but coming down I found all the family prepared to make a heroine of me.

"I never knew, until mother told me this morning," said Tom, "that it wasn't grandpa who sent the telegram to C——. By Jove, Olive, you're spunky, if you are little."

Tom then described in detail his experiences, and added:

"I gave up when four of them pounced on me from one of the upper rooms. They must have got in during the day and hid here."

I tried to make the Knights promise not to tell my adventure, but could not. Before night all Baysville knew how Olive Hudson caught the burglars. I was in the office with grandpa, when over the wires came this message:

"What does Olive Hudson look like. Everybody in Dryden is talking about her great exploit."

I flashed back:

"What do you suppose such a woman would look like? She is nearly six feet tall, broad shouldered and loud-voiced,—a perfect Elephant?"

"Was it really yourself, Elephant?"

"Dear Lion, it was!"

"Do you know, I want to see you. I am going to New York to-day, but I'll be back next spring."

If he came to Baysville he did not see me. I ran away in a fit of shyness.

In March a wonderful thing happened. My mother's brother, who had been 17 years—nearly all my lifetime—in Cuba, came out to New York, found me out, and took me into a life of ease and luxury, making me pet in his splendid house. He was a bachelor, over fifty years of age, handsome and well-informed, and with large wealth.

He introduced me to old friends of his, and my circle of acquaintances widened every day. I was entirely happy, for we loved each other well.

One day uncle George brought home to dinner a stranger, who he introduced as:

"The son of my old friend, Olive, Mr. Roberts."

I made myself agreeable, as in duty bound, to Mr. Roberts, a man of thirty, or thereabouts, with a face that was downright ugly, but pleasant from the expression of frank good humor and intelligence upon it. We talked of everything, and I was surprised at the congeniality of taste we soon discovered. In an animated discussion of heroines, Mr. Roberts, turning to uncle George, said:

"You were kindly inquiring this morning about my fortune since father died, but I did not tell you one little episode. Before I was fortunate enough to obtain my present lucrative position, I was for a time telegraph operator in a small place called Dryden, and there I heard of a real heroine, of whom the world will probably never hear."

I knew what was coming, but kept my face perfectly composed to listen. When the story was finished giving Uncle George a sly punch to keep him quiet, I said:

"What kind of a looking person was this wonderful heroine?"

"I never saw her; although Baysville was the next village to Dryden. I never went there. But she was described to me as tall, strong and masculine."

"In short, my dear Lion," I said gravely, "she was a perfect elephant."

Such a stare as greeted me I am certain never came upon Leo Roberts face before or since that hour. His eyes dilated till I thought that they would pop out of his dear ugly face, and his mouth opened in utter amazement. Finally he remembered his manners, and gasped:

"Pardon me, I—was it really you?"

"Uncle George," I said, "will you be kind enough to introduce me properly to Mr. Roberts? I believe he thinks your niece must bear your name."

With a flourish, Uncle George arose and gravely introduced:

"Mr. Leo Roberts, Miss Olive Hudson; Miss Hudson, Mr. Roberts."

After that we could not certainly be strangers, and Mr. Roberts came often to dine with Uncle George.

And one day there was a wedding, where the bride was very small, buried in lace and orange blossoms, and the bridegroom was ugly and good natured; but it was a true love match, a fit ending for the flirtation commenced at Dryden and Baysville, "Over the Wires."

We can all do somethinng for each other in this world if we only try. Do not let us forget what Wordsworth taught us so long ago, "the primal duties shine aloft like stars," while "the charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

STAND BY THE PARTY.

BY ARGUS.

Since the decision of the Supreme Court touching the Civil Rights Act, the colored people have manifested a very defiant spirit. They have been shaking their fists threateningly at the Court and the Republican party. In fact there has been blood in the eyes of many of our leaders and the very political atmosphere is hot with the denunciations of newspaper vaporings, while the underlings are crying and whining they know not why. Now all this is very naughty—very much out of place. Some of us have been talking strongly about going over to the democratic party and already the democratic newspapers are chuckling over the prospect of more victims. More victims! Yes more victims; for what has been the history of the party? And what prospect do we see for any honorable alliances with such political hyenas? The history of the democratic party is as black as night with not a star, not a ray of light. It enslaved the colored people and to keep them enslaved passed such statutes as would disgrace the most barbaric nation on the face of the globe. It hunted colored men with hounds and accounted their lives of no more worth that those of dogs. It denied us our civil rights and is still denying them. It denied us political rights and is still denying them. It opposed the right of franchise. It opposed the three last amendments to the Constitution of the United States and even now claims that the methods by which they were ratified, unconstitutional. It opposed temperance, education and sought every opportunity to place stumbling blocks and inpediments of all kinds in the way of the colored people. The republican party has done the opposite of this. It insisted on the freedom of the slaves and made them free. It made them citizens and invested them with the mighty power of suffrage. It passed the Reconstruction Acts; it instituted the Freedmen's Bureau, appropriated large sums of money—millions for purposes of education; it passed the Civil Rights Acts and to-day stands ready to champion the rights of man without regard of race, color or previous condition of servitude. It is in favor of temperance and other reforms which are calculated to make a nation higher and nobler. It is now considering seriously, plans by which the hardship consequent upon the recent adverse decision of the Supreme Court may be overcome, while the democratic party is smacking its lips and opening its lank jaws in blissful anticipation of the threatened divorcement of the colored people from the republican party. They are doing this, too, without even pretending to suggest methods for our relief. Now, pray, in the light of those facts, will it be profitable for us to leave the republican party? Would it not be well for us to just wait a while to see what attitude the democratic party will assume on the question of our rights before we begin howling and tearing our hair about leaving our friends? True the republican party has not done what it should have done. There are men in the party who should not be supported by the colored people. These and these only should be sent to the rear by a silent elective force which will make them wonder, but the party, the grandest institution the colored people have ever known, should be supported. I advise that republicans should be republicans indeed. They should let it be clearly understood that practical republicanism is what they want and, should show it by judiciously exercising their suffrages. Give the party another show. The Civil Rights Bill is a failure. Let the republican party have a chance to show their willingness to secure to us our full civil rights by offering an amendment to the constitution which will define more clearly what constitutes the privileges and immunities of citizenship. Let us co-operate with them in the states and secure legislature which will willingly ratify the amendments or pass Civil Rights Acts in the states. When we have given them another chance and they fail, let us then look about for other parties who will offer us greater inducements; for we will then be justified in affiliating with strangers. By all means steer clear of the moss-backed democracy.

My First and Last.

A right molar had been aching on the double-quick for sixty mortal hours. I had heated it, chilled it, tried laudanum, whisky, ginger, pepper, poultice, fomented and blistered, till that side of my face looked like a boiled beet, but all in vain.

I had exhausted the list of remedies known to me save one—the forceps—and was musing whether I should brave the dentist, when in an evil moment my chum (it was in my college days) suggested a cigar. Surely that would be something new to me. I acted on the unlucky hint at once. I put on my hat and made for the sign of the "Big Injun," on the next street. I felt a little sheepish as I entered the shop on such a delicate errand, but put a brave face on, and asked for A 1 "weed nicotian." The shopman handed them out as if it were no extraordinary event in his life to sell cigars. I paid for them, slipped them into my deepest and darkest pocket, and started for home. It seemed as if the eyes of every person in the street were bent upon me, and every looker seemed to say:

"That greeny has got six cigars in his pocket."

When I arrived home I solemnly prepared for the operation. I took off my coat and boots, put on my study-gown and slippers, tied a handkerchief in lieu of a smoking cap over my luxuriant hair, and then selecting the nicest of the half-dozen, I applied myself to one end, and a lighted match to the other.

"Why, chum, what's the matter with the confounded thing? I can't get a whiff!"

"Perhaps you would get more comfort out of it if you would bite off the little end. Smoke don't generally draw very well through a capped flue."

"Oh! ah! all right!"

Puff, puff!

"Beautiful! Chum, the machine runs!"

Then I settled back in our old rocker before the grate, put my feet on the fender and assumed the nonchalant air of an expert, and puffed away like a pair of bellows till the stub began to burn my fingers.

I had taken the remedy thoroughly. I aimed the fiery remnant at the grate, but singularly enough, it went wide of its mark, struck the mantlepiece, and came bouncing back on the rug, scattering the sparks in every direction. I stooped to brush them up, when I suddenly found myself on all fours, and standing none too steady, even with this broadening of base. I tried to rise; the whole room seemed to have gone to sea, and the furniture was rocking at a fearful rate. I made at once for the bed-room door. This dodged me, and the wall, about three feet to one side, rapped me in the face. My kind chum, seeing the state of my case, came promptly to my help, and after a very nice piece of civil engineering got me into bed. The relief was but momentary. Another woe came quickly, a sort of a subterranean commotion just below the diaphragm. I felt the crisis coming, and called:

"The bowl, the bowl! Quick, quick! I feel as if I was an Ætna or Vesuvius; quick!"

After this development I fell back on the pillow, utterly resigned.

"How are you old boy?" inquired my chum, in a most consoling voice.

"Convalescent, thank'ee; guess I'll go to sleep."

After lingering half an hour in the borderland between thought and dream, I was fairly over the line. And a troubled realm it proved to be; blue with endless smoke. First, I was a chimney, with sixteen flues all centering in one at the top, and my nose served as a smoke-vane, keeping its long point to the wind, so that the gusts could not send the blue puffs the wrong way. Then I was the smoke-stack of some great steamer rolling in a heavy sea; in this capacity I took a very long voyage. Next I was converted into a railroad engine; not rolling on wheels, but swinging dizzily through the air as it seemed about fifty feet above the track, with the sparks from the fire flying out of my eyes, and all the flame and smoke streaming through my nostrils. At last the engine gave a sudden chuff, chuff, letting off the accumulated smoke, when I started up in a fright. My chum was exploding with laughter.

"Why, Bob, you snore like old Cyclops himself. You ought to have heard the three snores with which you came to! ha, ha, ha!"

I didn't join in the laugh.

The toothache had gone; but, oh, me, where! Into every fibre and particle of the brain. My pulses were trying to knock holes through my temples. My tongue was coated. My mouth tasted like an old smoke-house. My lips felt as if they had been exchanging with some horse, so swollen, and flabby and floppy they were. It was twenty-four hours before I was myself again. Then the old toothache came back as bad as ever, and I had to go and let the forceps do their work after all.

Thus ended my experience of my first and last cigar.

If any young man wants my advice about mastering the one art of self-fumigation with tobacco, it is that of the philosopher to the very young couple who wanted to get married—don't.

Munich drinks American beer, Manchester wears American prints, London buys American papers, spoons and forks, and all the world wants American watches.

MAKE YOURSELVES INDEPENDENT.

BY LE DUKE

This is not the first time I have attempted to say a word about our material welfare. And I would not say anything now but for the fact that my last article fell upon the minds of its readers like water on a duck's back. It might be well, however, to remind my pious reader that that fact did not effect the water any, but the duck. I therefore propose to continue the application, believing that this time my advice will be taken as naturally as "ducks take to water." The propriety of securing homes and an established business cannot be over estimated by the colored people. Every day we see this more plainly. The composition of society is of such a character that only those who own property and are engaged in business can command the respect and regard of the whole people. And this is quite natural, for upon what could society rely if everybody was a spendthrift? Under such circumstances society would become a stagnant pool to breed crime and lawlessness and vice. We don't sufficiently appreciate the forces that are within us and the possibilities which are before us. We trifle away our time, squander our means, vitiate society and then grumble because we are not accepted on equality with the whites. This will not do. If we would be what we claim indeed we must apply ourselves with the same earnestness and perseverance that we observe among the whites. The first thing a young white man does after he leaves school is to buy property in order that when he gets married or when his parents grow old and poor, he can find a shelter for them free from the cold charity and relentless indifference of the outside world. It is intelligence and wealth that we want—without which we can never hope to wield a power in society. Heretofore we have relied too much on politics and legislation. We have all along supposed that if we could make a speech we were all right, and that we would be in great demand and that if we wanted any privileges we could get them from the Civil Rights Bill. But these have proven a delusion and a snare We have found out that the life of a politician is not a happy one—still less profitable—and that the Civil Rights Bill is a most disgraceful failure. The white people have said and the Supreme Court have reaffirmed that the colored people "must root hog or die." Now I am the last person in the world to suppose that the colored people will die rather than "root." I trust that we will take the hint and go about accumulating property and making ourselves in a material way. The time is ripe, the harvest is near and the colored people should be polishing up their sickles and going in for "the old flag and an appropriation." We should have a care, however, not to appropriate anything more or less than just our own; but we should insist on that to the last farthing. There are dozens, even hundreds who are working in the Executive Departments and elsewhere making "big money." Let them take the lead and by making strenuous individual effort and combinations show the power they possess and the glorious results which can be evolved where there is determination and good judgment, plenty of "stick" and a little money.

Dr. Hammond, of New York, supposed to be the highest authority on nervous diseases, condemns as injurious the smatterings of physiology taught to children, and especially to girls, in the schools. He thinks that the lively imaginations of young girls will be so wrought upon by the revelations of physiology as to the bodily functions that nervous diseases are likely to result. The Doctor does not hesitate to declare that: "It does a woman harm to know where her liver is; for instance, I am quite sure that the large increase in diseases of the nervous system among women in recent years is to a great extent due to the pernicious system of calling their attention in schools to organs that they had better know nothing about. I know that such attention deranges their health, mentally and physically."

There is a man in St. Louis who has a wonderful memory. It is thought the city will eventually employ him to remember the Sabbath.

The People's Advocate

ESTABLISHED 1876.

C. A. LEHAR,

Business Manager and Financial Ag't

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

ST. CLOUD BUILDING, COR. F AND NINTH STS., ROOMS 45 AND 46, WASHINGTON, D. C.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, if paid in advance,..... $1.50
One copy one year if paid after three months $1.65
One copy, one year, if paid after six months. $1.75
One copy, one year paid at end of year..... $2.00
One copy six months..... $1.00
One copy three months..... .50

Entered at the Washington Post Office seecond class matter.

Please send by postal order or registered letter.

Adress, THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, BOX 263, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

SPECIAL.

WE have moved from 609 Louisiana Avenue to Rooms 45 and 46, 3d Floor, St. Building, Cor. of F and 9th Sts., N. W.

Those desiring the editor on business can find him in Room 45 from 12.10 to 12.25 and any afternoon, from 4 to half-past 5.

DOUGLASS AND LANGSTON.

Just about now when there is an imperative necessity for unity among colored men to neutralize the pernicious effects on the interests of the race caused by the apathy and indifference of political leaders, and the apparently reactionary tendency of judicial decisions, instead of this harmony there are those who by their actions are doing everything to create bitter rival factions, of which Douglass and Langston are to be made revolving centers. This is all wrong. These gentlemen are in no just sense rivals. Douglass occupies a place unique and commanding. In spite of personal jealousies, detraction or what not, he is regarded by nine-tenths of the American people, without regard to party or race, as the greatest representative colored American of the age and as such he will take his place in history.

Minister Langston represents the possibilities of culture, of refinement, of liberal scholarship of the generation which was just coming on the stage when Douglass was at the full height of his meridian splendor. As lecturer as orator, as educator, as friend to the young men who have reached manhood since Emancipation, John M. Langston has no cause to fear obscurity or oblivion. It is no injustice to or detraction from him to say that nature has not dealt as lavishly with him in those rare gifts of leadership and greatness which would have exalted Mr. Douglass in any period of any people's history. If there were any doubt on this subject, the orations of Mr. Douglass, at Louisville and later at Lincoln Hall, indicate broader and more statesman—like grasp and greater scope, though he may not possess the brillancy, the acuteness, the legal finesse of Mr. Langston's entertaining and thrilling lecture of last Friday night. There is no cause in this divergence, this differentiation that personal admirers should, at this late day, establish rival lines and praise or blame a man as he admires the one and hates the other of these leaders.

Such a course is worse than folly. We have every reason to believe that neither Mr. Douglass nor Mr. Langston is inspiring these factitious quarrels. We, therefore, call on their admirers, to put an end at once to this nonsense.

SOME of the men who held "the indignation" meeting at Lawyer Ruffin's office, Monday night, and wanted a public meeting of the citizens to settle on the price of admission to the lecture by Col. Ingersoll, last night, must have very poor memories. Less than two months ago they were loud advocates of the Louisville Convention—one, Rev. R. S. Laws was a delegate, and two others, Perry Carson and R. D. Ruffin were alternates. That convention was called by a committee of citizens of this District without consulting the people of the country of whom they were a part. But it was nevertheless all right. Said they, those who don't choose to attend can stay away. Now, several gentlemen invite another gentleman to deliver a lecture on Human Rights, and these men want the details arranged by a public meeting, Very consistent they!

MR. J. D. BALTIMORE, of South Washington, quotes the contents of a card received by him calling on him as "a public-spirited gentleman," for acontribution to help defray the $100 damages to Lincoln Hall the night of the Civil Rights Meeting, and then says: "Now Mr. Editor, it seems somewhat strange that when the committees were appointed to make arrangements for this meeting, that the public-spirited gentleman was not thought of."

That may be so, but Mr. B. must recollect, that to have all "the public-spirited men" on a committee of arrange ments or even as officers of a meeting, would be ridiculous: but all who believe in the common cause should not see Mr. Holland compelled to pay this $100 out of his own pocket.

THE "BALTIMORE SUN" reviewing the work of the late Episcopal Convention has the following:

Among the most interesting subjects that came before the convention was the question how best to provide for the spiritual wants of the colored people of toe South. It was proposed that a special ecclesiastical organization should be provided for them "by relaxing" the educational requirements of colored clergymen; but after mature consideration the project was dropped, and it was determined to concentrate the regular agencies of the church as much as possible in this direction.

IF the managers of Southern railroads do not want to intensify the Civil Rights discussion, and crystalize the sentimen of the country against them, they will not follow the example of the Vice-President of the International R. R. of Texas and those other roads which propose to disregard more than ever the rights of colored passengers. By the way Jay Gould and other New York capitalists, who control some of these Southern roads, could at once put a stop to this color discrimination.

CONGRESS had the right to inaugurate the legislation prescribing both negatively and affirmatively, the general conditions of citizenship. And when that legislation had crystalized into organic law, Congress had not the power to protect the United State citizenship which it had inspired. So much for the doctrine of States Rights. We are not yet a Nation. We doubt very much whether we ever will be.

THE policy of Hayes taught the colored people that the Republican party was willing to leave the enjoyment of the rights of citizenship to the States, and the recent decision has more than confirmed this impression. As Emancipation was a military necessity, dictated by no ennobling desire in behalf of humanity or of sympathy for the slave, of devotion to freedom; So the sequel has shown that the enfranchisement of the Negro was only a political necessity.

WE HAVE received the Atlantic Monthly for November. Among the more notable articles are those on the "New Departure in Negro Life," by O. W. Blackwall, and "What Instruction should be given in our Colleges," by Albert S. Bolles, which is a continuation of the recent discussion opened by C. F. Adams, jr., at Harvard last summer. We advise all our readers to purchase this number for the sake of these two articles.

WE have by no means exhausted the different phases of the Civil Rights outlook in the South or as expressed by the colored people through their journals. The *Times—Democrat* of New Orleans gives assurance that possibly the Virginia *Star* is correct as to the true remedy.

ON the 6th of November, a contest will wage hotly and persistently for political supremacy in Virginia. The Bourbon Mossbacks are threatening the overthrow of the Readjusters, and the issue is looked forward to with great interest. The Readjusters *must* win, for they alone have shown that real friendship for the colored people, which warrants honorable support; and no colored voter is true to his race who does not support them.

THE Civil Rights decision has given the Republican party a living issue.

ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 28.—In the Banks county kuklux case the eight prisoners were found guilty on every indictment. Sentence will be pronounced to-morrow. The ringleaders are men of considerable property and members of a large family in Banks county named Yarborough. Four of the family—Jasper, James, Ditmus, and Neal—were tried and all convicted. The charge against them was that they committed ontrages on the colored persons because the latter voted for the Hon. Emory Speer for Congress. Speer was defeated and was appointed United States district, so it fell to his lot to prosecute the kuklux. The charge of Judge Mc'oy was so favorable to the defence that an acquittal was considered certain. When the verdict was read convicting the entire gang several of them broke down and sobbed audibly. The prisoners were handcuffed and taken to jail.

An Explanation.

MR. EDITOR: I notice in yourissue dated Oct. 6, 1883, and in the article bearing the Caption, "The Convention—its work." you say, that, Mr. Frederick Douglass was opposed by the "Straightout'" element, because his inflexible devotion to Republicanism and Republican organizations were called in question, and Mr. D. A. Straker, who was sent by a State Convention, which condemned the National Republican party in unmeasured terms, was put forth as the representative of the opposing principle. The Tennessee Delegation were fully aware of that fact, and having a disposition to support Hon. D. A. Straker for chairman of the convention, because the Tennessee people prefered a southern man, and for various other reasons. We went to Mr. Straker and obtained a verbal pledge of him, to the effect, that, if elected chairman of the Convention, it should not antagonize the position of the Tennessee Delegation, and besides, he was the only available opposing candidate at our command,

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, allow space for the enclosed article, in justice to us.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM H. YOUNG,
for Delegation.

Nashville, Tenn., *October* 20, 1883.

Our Knoxville Letter.

MR EDITOR:—We have had a big rain down here; that sounds strange to you, does it not? Well we have, and it makes the weather much more pleasant than it was when we wrote last, and while we write there is falling a gentle shower from heaven; but the pleasent Autum has not driven the mosquitoes into their winter quarters yet, for they are still on their nightly raid, but they are not half as bad as they are at Atlantic City.

Every train that comes to the city brings in many of those who have been North during the summer, and at the different springs in this State. Last Friday afternoon we were suddenly made glad by meeting at the depot Elder Dinsmore of Nashville, Tenn.; P. E. and Bishop J. P. Campbell, of the A. M E. Church. We took Bishop Campbell in a hack and drove him to Mr. Ben Maynard's, one of the finest colored families in town, where Mrs. Maynard received him with the greatest christian hospitality. Elder Green stopped with Mr. Thomas Smith, another fine family of this town.

There was no A. M. E. Church in this place, and they heard that some of the members were here, and they came to organize a church. On the following Sabbath morning Bishop Campbell preached at the Congregational Church, and in the afternoon he preached at the Opera House to quite a large audience, and Elder Green preached at night. They organized a church with sixteen members. Rev. Mr. Dinsmore, of Cleveland, is to take charge of the church until conference. Monday morning we drove Bishop Campbell to the Knoxville College; this you know is a colored Presbyterian Institute, founded and fostered by the United Presbyterians. The President invited Bishop Campbell to address the students, and he made a timecy and most eloquent speech to them.

Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock the Bishop took the Louisville train for some point where he was to hold conference Wednesday, quite a number of people followed him to the train. They were much pleased with his sermons during the Sabbath.

Hon Jas. E. O'Hara and wife, of N. C., are in the city and have been for several days, they are the guests of Squire Brooks,. Mrs. Brooks is Mrs. O'Hara's sister. It is said that this is the first time a colored representative ever visited this town, and our people in this place were not beind others in paying honor to this eistinguished gentleman. while the gentlemen were thinking about giving our distinguished visitor a reception, the ladies whirled into line and got it up, Mrs. M. J. R. Gentles was chairman of the committee of ladies, and Mrs. Logan was secretary, Mrs. Thomas Smith, Miss Harry Mason, Mrs. Joiner and the two Mrs. Johnsons and a host of other good ladies whose names we would like to mention if you had space to admit them. The reception was tendered Hon. O'Hara last Wednesday night,, and it was a very excellent one. It was given at the Odd.Fellows Hall, and these good ladies deserve the highest praise for their efforts in this respect. The table where the regere was most beautiful. Certain young ladies and gentlemen who attend the college, were invited to entertain the audience with misic, which was very good. There were also, other strangers present, from quite a distance; Rev. L. A. Roberts, Evangelist uuder the Presbyterian Mission Board of Rogersville. Tenn., Rev. W. H. Franklin, Miss Lucy Manning of New Haven, Conn., Mrs. Armstrong of Jersey City,. Among the invited guests, were, Mr. Manning, Rev. and Mrs. Russell. Dr. A. Felding, Lawyer and Mrs. Gordley, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. Harris. Hon. O'Hara was introduced by Rev. G. W. Levere in a well chosen speech, after which Mr. O'Hara made an address to the audience. He spoke especially to the young men. His remarks were highly appreciated, the evening passed off pleasantly, and every one seemed well pleased.

Yesterday noon, about nineteen years old, the son of a German tailor, who lives about one square from us, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. We knew the young man well. He was drunk, that is the way strong drink kills many other men.

Many people are leaving for the Exposition.

S. P. SMITH,
Knoxville Tenn.

Sickness in the Cars.

Many persons, especially ladies, are great sufferers from that form of nausea and headache known as "car sickness." A journey by rail has for them all the discomfort and suffering that an ocean voyage has to a majority of travelers. The effect of the motion of the car ranges from a mild disturbance of the stomach and an accompanying headache, to "deathly sickness," with intense nausea and complete prostration, according to the condition and sensitiveness of the victim. In the lightest form the sensation is sufficiently unpleasant to make travel by rail thoroughly disagreeable; in its worst, and by no means uncommon type, it invests this convenient method of journeying with dread and despair.

A simple and harmless preventive of car sickness has recently come to the knowledge of the writer, under circumstances that leave no doubt of its efficacy with some persons; and if the device will work equally well in other cases, a knowledge of it certainly ought to be spread abroad. It is at least worth a trial by all who suffer inconvenience in traveling. A lady who had occasion to take a short trip on the Lowell road—and she never travels by rail for pleasure—was, as is usual with her, as thoroughly sick as ever a landsman is on the "heaving deep" by the time she had ridden a dozen miles. The conductor of the palace car, who was apparently very familiar with such cases, told the sufferer's companion that a sheet of writing paper, worn next to the person, directly over the chest, was a sure preventive of the trouble, in nine cases out of ten. He had recommended it to hundreds of travelers, and rarely knew it to fail. The prescription seemed very much like a "charm"—a horse chestnut carried in the pocket to ward off rheumatism, or a red string around the neck to prevent bleeding at the nose. But it was simple and at least could do no harm. For the return trip, a sheet of common writing note paper was fastened inside the clothing, as directed. Result—a perfectly comfortable journey, without a hint of the old sickness that had for years made travel by rail a terror. It was so like a superstition, or a happy accident, however, that the lady would not accept it as real until subjected to a more severe test. This came in a day journey to New York, and that hardest trip of all—a night trip in an "alleged" sleeping car. Both were taken in triumph The "charm" worked. And the lady writes:

"The day journey was a perpetual wonder and delight to me. I could sit up and read, and look at the landscape through which we whirled, and act as other people do. And still I didn't feel ready to confess to a cure until I had tried the sleeping car, which has always been a horror to me. But even here the 'spell' worked. I ate a hearty supper in the dining car—and kept it! Slept soundly all night, got up as comfortable, and dressed with as level a head and as steady a hand as though I had been in my own room. Read until breakfast time—a thing I had never before done on the cars—and I was hungry for my morning meal. It is really wonderful almost too good to be real. For the first time in my life I experienced the pleasure of traveling. I wish that conductor to be specially thanked. I wish also that I knew his name. I would like to call the Lord's particular attention to his case, and don't want any mistake and have the blessing descend upon the wrong man. If this should meet the eye of the official in question, will he please consider himself thanked?"

To the scientific guessers is left the explanation of this peculiar potency of a sheet of paper. And, as a further possible contribution to the welfare of squalmish travelers, it is suggested whether the charm would not work equally well in preventing sea sickness. The experiment is certainly worth trying.

Watch Your Neighbor.

Watch your neighbors; don't give them a chance to move without your seeing them; if you do, they might do something wrong and you not know about it. To be sure, you never knew of their doing anything very wrong, but they might have if you had not watched them. And if you see anything that is not right, be sure and tell everybody you know all about it. Don't give them a chance to redeem their failings, and if possible make your actions and looks infer that it was a great deal worse than you are describing, for the blacker you make your neighbor's character the more conscious you will feel of your own spotless virtue.

Of course you never did anything wrong or if you did, you were smart enough not to let other people find it out; (that is, you think you were) and so it is your duty to make the most out of your neighbor's weaknesses, and that will warn other people to be careful and keep a mask over their sins and failings, and the worse the story you have to tell the faster it will spread.

It is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, but if it ever happened here, the world would surely come to an end. So keep talking about everything wrong you see, and try to see all you can. It does not matter if you neglect your own duties; they are of comparatively little importance, and that will help some one else to keep the talking going; for then they will have something to say about you; so, it's your neighbors you must watch, and not yourselves.

A Word About Carving.

It is not alone the fact that the amateur carver misses the joints and tries to cut through the largest bones, that fill him with regret and his lap full of sage and onions, it is the horrible thought that the entire company is looking at him.

No matter how the perspiration may trickle down between his shoulder blades, or how the hot flashes may chase the chill up and down his spinal column, or how much his eyes may be dimmed by unshed tears, the rest of the company never allows its interest to flag a moment.

We remember one time we were called to assume the management of a free-for-all carving tournament at the home of a dove-eyed dumpling whose kind regard we desired to catch on to as fast as possible.

How clearly comes back to us now the smiling faces of the guests, the rippling laughter, the bald-headed joke, the thanksgiving conundrum, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

We call to mind the girlish laughter of that one whose very existence, as she sat at our left that day, seemed cemented and glued to our own.

As we sharpened the glittering blade on the ringing steel, we felt buoyant and proud. Proud to think how we could slice the white, calm bosom of that deceased hen. Proud to think how, in our mind, we had laid out the different pregnable points about the old cackler, and in the anticipation of applause, glad and free, when we had accomplished the warfare, and victory and stuffing had perched upon our banner.

We softly jabbed the shimmering fork a stradle of the breast-bone, tore off a few goose pimples from under the wings of the late lamented, gouged out a few shattered fragments from the neck, and to cut a sirloin steak off the back.

An oppressive gloom seemed to pervade the air. The old hen did'nt have her joints where we had them laid out in our mind. She was deformed. She seemed to be a freak of nature.

It rattled and unnerved us.

We gouged wildly at the remains, squirting the gravy right and left, and filling the air with fragments of bread crumbs and sage.

By some kind of omission or miscalculation, we made a wild stab at the back of the late lamented hen, and with a frenzy born of repeated defeats and depressing failures, thek nife struck the platter with a crash, and ceasing not in its untamed fury, glanced aside, and in an instant buried itself, with a sickening thud, in the corset of the hired girl.

With difficulty, we drew out the glittering blade, now ensanguined with the gore of a fellow-creature, wiped it on the table cloth, and fled. Out into the cold, unsympathetic world, out into the crash and confusion of struggling humanity, to battle on through life under an assumed name.

That is why we tremble and turn pale when our past life is inquired into by biographers. That is why a baked fowl makes us quail.

That is why we always sign our nom de plume to a promissory note. That, too, is why we always travel incog, and without baggage.—*Bill Nye, in Boomerang.*

She Spelled John "G-o-n."

She had grown to womanhood in a rural home, and, by chance or choice, her father had removed to East Nashville. She was pretty and pleasant, which two qualities rendered her an attractive magnet, and she drew a number of the young men, who are adorers of beauty, around her. One of the gents, seizing time by the forelock, prepared his declaration of love, and thinking it might be an incentive to his success, prefaced his declaration with a description of her future home which she would be led to, and, to make the picture grand, he borrowed Claude Melnotte's language, descriptive of his palace by Lake Como. He had proceeded with his portrayal until he came to—

"We would have no friends that were not lovers,
We would read no books that were not tales of love,"

when she gently interrupted him, and gazing with tearful eyes into his, she implored him to never again to wound her feelings thus, and added: "John, I cannot read; I never went to school a day in my life—I know not no book, love—nor can I ever spell but one word correctly, and that is your dear name, 'G-o-n,' and mother, poor soul, learned me that."

You are to be pitied if you cannot find your first and greatest happiness at home. There is where you should find it. The independence that comes to a man when his day's work is over and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make so much difference whether you own your house or whether you have one little room in that house; you can make that room a true home to you. You can people it with such sweet fancies that it it will be fairly luminous with your presence, and it will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none should ever transgress. It should be the place to find true love and courtesy,

It is unlawful in Massachusetts to keep a drinking bar in any place not visible from a public street, and screens and other obstructions to the view are prohibited, as well as any arrangement of bottles and casks to effect the same purpose. This law is strictly enforced in Boston, where in many instances the bars had to be removed to front rooms, and windows cut through the walls. One paper, speaking of the liquor trade, says the law has not lessened the sales at all. At first there was a slight hesitancy on the part of some drinkers, but that passed away, and the general result was to make the traffic more open and respectable.

Since the introduction of the lawn mower the lawn has come to be regarded as the great feature of a garden. When it is well kept there is nothing more beautiful or pleasing than a broad, open space of turf, and in the planting and arranging of trees it should be our endeavor to keep the lawn as open as possible. This can be accomplished by arranging the trees and shrubs in borders or belts around the margin, with a fine specimen tree occasionally standing alone in a prominent position, where its beauties can be seen to the best advantage.

It may not be known, says London *Truth*, that a man wearing dark clothes is more liable to infection from contagious disease than he who wears light-colored garments, because particles which emanate from diseased or decaying bodies are much more rapidly absorbed by dark than by light fabrics. This is easy of proof. Expose a light and dark coat to the fumes of tobacco for five minutes, and it will be found that the dark one smells stronger than the other of tobacco smoke.

REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.

GEN. GARFIELD'S FAVORITE POEM.

Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing:
Why stand ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The noon is fast approaching,
And night will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie here ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of Thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

He held her in his strong right arm,
Close to his throbbing side;
They heard the music of the sea—,
The moaning of the tide.

Long years have passed, and often now
The neighbors either side
Hear, when the family jars break out,
The moaning of the tied.

Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.

Reason wrapped up in a few words is generally of the greatest weight.

The judgment of this world is oftener based on policy than on justice and truth.

There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

Hard work is the price of success, and it can be purchased with no other kind of currency.

It is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions, when she is adding up a grocery bill.

It is easier for a camel to swallow a whole paper of needles than for a delinquent subscriber to get to heaven.

"What men want," says Bulwer, "is not talent, it is purpose." In other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

We must look downward as well as upward in human life. Though many have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind.

The envious man is tormented, not only by all the ills that befall himself, but by all the good that happens to another. He is made gloomy, not only by his own clouds, but by another man's sunshine.

Never forget that a gun is not so harmless as a walking-stick. Don't point it at yourself. Don't point it at any one else. Don't carry it so that its range includes all your hunting companions. Don't try to find out whether it is loaded or not by shutting one eye and looking down the barrel with the other. Don't use it for a walking-stick. Don't climb over a fence and pull it through muzzle foremost. Don't throw it into a boat so that the trigger will catch in the seat and the charge be deposited in your stomach. Don't use it for a sledge hammer. Don't carry it full cocked. Don't carry it with the hammer down.

A straightforward boy returning from school at the end of the week handed to his father his weekly report. "So, my son, you stand number twenty-seven in your class. How many does your class contain?"

"Twenty-seven, sir," was the son's reply, and the father admired his frankness. The following week the report placed the lad number twenty-nine. "How is this? I thought there were only twenty-seven in the class," inquired the father. "Ah, sir, two new boys came in this week."

The true girl has to be sought for. She may be in the parlor hammering a waltz out of the suffering piano; she may be in front of the bureau-glass admiring her hair: perhaps she's swinging on the front gate with a young man with a tender mustache; if not there, she is promenading the streets and flirting with a masher. O, you'll have to seek her. And after you find her, just say that her mother is washing the dishes and needs her assistance.

To keep machinery from rusting: Take one-half ounce of camphor, dissolve it in one pound of melted lard, take off the scum and mix in as much fine black lead as will give it an iron color. Clean the machinery and smear with the mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with a soft cloth. It will keep bright for months under ordinary circumstances.

An Illinois paper asserted that there was one jackass in the state legislature, and before noon of the day on which the item was published the editor received a note from every member of the house, including the speaker, telling him to retract or look out for a libel suit, each member regarding it as a personal hit.

Some people think that justice applies exclusively or almost exclusively to money transactions and dealings in business. But this is a very restricted and imperfect view of what constitutes justice. It lies quite as much in the habit and manner of speech as in the making and fulfillment of contracts.

Says the Index-Appeal, of Petersburg, Va.: "Miles Darden, probably the largest man on record, born in North Carolina in 1798, died in Henderson county, Tenn., January 23d, 1857. He was seven feet and six inches high, and in 1845 weighed 871 pounds. At his death his weight was a little over 1,000 pounds."

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

—Mr. E. L. Savoy, who was buried last Monday, was one of the most noted caterers of this city. His services were deemed indispensable in the superintendence of all the state dinners. He was a pleasant conversationalist and a most congenial companion. His death is generally regretted.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements, send for rates.

All communications should be addressed THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Bhx 263, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

Mrs. J. A. Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest, Washington, D. C.
H. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.
People's Book Store, 1747 7th st. N. W.
J. H. Beller, Druggist, 16th and M Sts., N. W.
R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton ..... H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss ..... A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—MONDAY night, Authors' Carnival at the Presbyterian church. See advertisement.

—TUESDAY night, Bethel Literary—J. D. Baltimore speaks on the Elements of Success. The Washington Harmonic Company promises a trio.

—WEDNESDAY night, Israel Literary and Chautauqua Circle.

—THURSDAY night, Bethesda, West Washington.

FRIDAY night, Concert at Lincoln Hall, under the auspices of the pupils of the John F. Cook School.

—Prof. J. L. Dart has been appointed assistant teacher in the High School.

—Hon. J. H. Rainey proposes to open a broker's office in this city.

—Mr. A. S. Jones has returned from N. C.

—Mr. Frank T. Hyman has received a promotion to clerkship of class one in the Treasury Department. THE ADVOCATE congratulates him.

—A grand rally will be at John Wesley church on Sunday morning 2od evening. Come friends and hear good preaching and singing.

—The friends of Miss Annie Mason are more than glad to see her continually improving in health and looks; her manners cannot be excelled.

—At the levee at Willard's Hall, Monday night, addresses were delivered by P. G. M's. John A. Simms, W. C. Costin, C. F. Mosby, and M. O. P. Chas. H. Shorter.

—The Unity Club will be convened, together with all other sister lodges of the West End on Tuesday Evening, November 5, '83. All members are requested to attend. Addresses will be delivered by P. G. F. S. B. Bowie and D. G. M. H. Miller. All reports from secretaries must be submitted at the meeting, on the evening designated.

—During the parade of Grand United Order of Odd Fellows on Monday afternoon, a fight took place in the first ward where several persons received blows, but not of a serious nature. Several were arrested.

—The Excelsior Club of the first ward re-organized, and elected the following-named officers: Randall Bowie, President, Jas. Williams, Vice-President, Henry Thompson, Secretary, Arthur Branson, Treasurer. The membership is at present, 316.

—A young girl, age, 14 years, by the name of Jannie Johnson, while playing with some of her playmates, fell to the ground and knocked one of her eyes out, notwithstanding her mother's request for her not to go out of the house until she returned. Like all children generally who never mind until it is too late.

—Mr. B. H. Freeman, ex-superintendent of John Wesley Sabbath School, celebrated his seventeenth anniversary of his married life at his residence on M st., last Sunday afternoon. A host of friends together with the present superintendent and teachers of the school made the afternoon pleasant, after which, addresses were delivered by Messrs. Bowie, Wm. Brent, John F. Waters, and Chas. Robinson.

—Mrs. Emma Armstrong has gone back to her home in Jersey City after an evtended trip to Knoxville, Tenn., and to friends in Virginia, her former home,

NOTICE!

The Peoples' Book Store,

1727 7th St., N. W.

Has all the books used in Howard University, Wayland Seminary, the Public Schools, Grimes-Anderson Academy and Laws' Seminary. We buy old books or exchange them. We have Theological, Law and Medical books, and Stationery also on hand.

NEWS DEPOT.

New York Globe, Christian Recorder, National Monitor, PEOPLES' ADVOCATE, and the other city papers. Nov3-4t.

Green—Wells Wedding.

Mr. Joseph Green of Philadelphia, was married to Miss Annie Wells of this city, on Wednesday evening, last, and after an informal reception left for Chicago where they will spend a short time, after which they will return to Philadelphia, their future home. The bride wore a very handsome travelling suit. We wish the happy couple a smooth and successful journey through life.

Her presents were many and useful, among them was a large silver card receiver gresented by Miss Colbert, another card table by Miss Mattie Bucket, and a silver card basket by a friend.

She was married in a traveling costume. her reception was a sky blue trimmed with bead lace.

Among those present were Mrs. Dr. Augusta, Mrs. Alex. Thomas, Mrs. Eugene Brooks, Mr. W. H. Black and others. They left on the 7.30 train for Chicago.

West Washington News.

We regret to report the death of Miss Emma Sellas who resided a short time in our midst, and was one of the fair belles of West Washington. She died last Friday in Charlottesville, Va., where she went to spend a short time with her parents.

We also regret to learn of the ill-fate that befel William Pryor, the son of the Rev. B. Pryor. William left his parents for Pennsylvania. While getting off a train he had one leg and one arm almost severed from his body, and is reported as not being expected to live.

Miss Mary M. Johnson, of Philadelphia, Pa., paid a flying visit to Miss Alice Jones this week.

Little Mission on P-street is preparing to give a concert soon under the auspices of Misses L. Seaton, Alice Jones and Rev. John L. Davis.

Rev. Alex. Dennis of Mt. Zion M. E. church, preached an able sermon at Ebenezer M. E. church on Sunday afternoon, at their quarterly session. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Brown, filled his own pulpit Sunday evening, and preached an instructive sermon to a fine audience.

There is a revival meeting going on at Mt. Zion M. E. church, which promises a great harvest for that congregation. The house is crowded every night with anxious souls, and the number of mourners is increasing.

The friends of Rev. A. Dennis will be glad to learn that his daughter, who has been very ill and not expected to live, is fast recovering and is said to be out of danger.

Rev. J. M. Cargill writes that he has just closed a very successful revival in his church; that he has had about thirty converts and about twenty-eight accessions to the church. The church is in a progressive state. Peace and harmony prevails throughout. He also states that there is quite an interesting murder trial in progress, of which there is one feature which is not commendable to our race—that crowds of females are hanging around, and crowding the court.

Bethel Literary.

The influence of Christianity, historically considered, was the title of the paper presented by Rev. J. A. Handy, last Tuesday evening. The essayist handled his subject with considerable ability and by apt historical references showed how the spirit of the Christian religion had not only been the handmaid of progress, but how at critical periods this influence had restrained the barbarian from the establishment of a kingdom based on brute force. The reverend gentleman, after referring to the influence of Christianity in removing oppression, closed with a glowing apostrophe to Christianity, and was greeted with hearty applause. Rev. G. W. Moore, J. W. Ewing, and Rev. W. R. Arnold spoke in a complimentary manner of the paper and its theme. Mr. J. W. Cromwell was the next speaker; while he admitted that Christianity as a system of ethics, was all that was claimed for it, he contended that modern history shows that the most heinous crimes were committed in Christian nations and under the name of Christianity by the Church. It was not necessary to instance the Middle Ages, the era of the Reformation, the Inquisition, or St. Bartholomew's Day to establish this fact. England which is represented as the typical Christian nation seizes every opportunity to conquer undeveloped peoples in order to advance her own material interests, &c. The discussion then opened in earnest. It was participated in by Rev. J. M. Gilmer of Baltimore, Misses Mattie Hoy and Ella Randolph, Rev. W. H. Scott, C. J. Malord, Robt. J. Smith, Isaac A. Normand, and a Mr. Harth, who eulogized Christianity, and by Mr. E. J. Waring who in a ringing speech showed that the difference between Christian practice and Christian profession in the affairs of every-day life nad not always exerted the most beneficent of influences in our own and former days. The discussion was sharp. The Mr. Harth who made his *debut*, judging from his use of technical terms, is just grappling with some standard text-book on logic, and he made this knowledge count for all it was worth. Mr. C. D. Johnson also spoke in the same strain as Messers. Cromwell and Waring.

ODD FELLOWS' ANNIVERSARY.

The thirty-seventh anniversary of the establishment of the Grand United Order of Colored Odd Fellows in the District was celebrated Monday by an extensive procession in the afternoon, and a banquet and levee at night. The procession formed on Eleventh-street north west, south of Pennsylvania avenue, about 1:30 o'clock, and moved in the following order: Messrs. W. C. Costin, J. A. Simms, C. H. Shorter, C. Moseby, and B. J. Grant in carriages; mounted police; chief marshal, Albert L. Johnson; A. White, right aid; J. H. Hawkins, left aid; H. Herbert, chief of staff; William Howard, Secretary, and about forty assistant marshals, all mounted; National brass band, Robert McKinney, leader, and the following lodges;

Green Mountain, Golden Wreath, Social, Simon, Mt. Olive, Union Friendship, Potomac Union, J. C. Mccrummell, Free Grace, Old Ark, Sandy Springs brass band; A. K. Manning, Star of the West, Peter Ogden, Bloom of Youth, Rockville brass band; Eastern Star, Columbia, John F. Cook, and Harmony lodge of Alexandria. The end of the procession was brought up by a long line of carriages containing some of the principal officers of the order.

Over 1,000 men were in line, and the route followed was along Pennsylvania avenue west to Georgetown, thence east along P-street to Dupont circle, along M-street to Third, down to Pennsylvania avenue to Eleventh, where ranks were broken and the members of the differen lodges repaired to Willard hall to make preparations for the levee and banquet. The entire arrangement of the line and its general appearance was very creditable.—*Republican.*

R. D. Ruffin of Washington, D. C., was in attendance at the Convention. He it a very fine gentleman, and represents the breeding and gentility of our race in the future. He is a very successful real estate broker. Our race should be proud of such a man. By his conduct and congenial manner, he compels the stranger to feel at home in his presence.—*Vindicator.*

There are in the United States 42 savings banks with a capital aggregating $4,020,000, the deposits $43,470,000. The New England States have two of these banks with $100,000 of capital and $890,000 of deposits; the Middle States eight banks with $630,000 of capital and $5,340,000 of deposits; the Southern States seven banks with $560,000 of capital.

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Little Red Noser.

How that north wind whistled and stung the other day! It was the first signal of a long dreary winter, and even men in overcoats turned sharp corners to get out of the biting blast. Two children, a boy and girl, neither over nine years old, stood shivering in a door-way on Monroe avenue, wishing to go to their lowly home, but dreading the wind. They crept closer and closer to each other, and their chins quivered and their noses grew red as they grew colder. Hundreds of men and women passed up and down without care, but b. and by along came a whistling, jovial lad of fourteen, who was swinging his boot-black's kit by a strap and picking up the steps of some clog-dance. He saw the shivering bits of humanity where others were blind, and halting before them with a cligjigger-rigger" of his heels and a toss of his box, he called out:

"Kin I borrow them 'ere chins o' yours ab. .t an hour?"

"Yes, ma'am, demurely replied the girl.

"I kin, eh?—he! he! That's a give-away on me! Be you chickens cold?"

"Yes, ma'am," she answered again.

"And that 'ere cub is your brother, I spose? Well, when I'm cold I git warm. What do you do—freeze?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you please," she replied.

"If I please—ha! ha!—'nother give-away on me! Well, you autumn leaves come along with me. I hain't got no influence on the weather, but I kin smell a hot stove as fur off as the next shiner in this town. Come right over to this store."

He led the way across the street and into an office where there was a fire. He had placed chairs for them when a man came in from a back room, and said:

"What do you children want here?"

"Want some of this waste hotness," bluntly replied the shiner. "These 'ere cubs is nigh froze to death, and I brought 'em here to thaw out.

"And we won't even look at you, nor cough, nor sneeze!" added the little girl, as she saw a frown on the man's face.

"That's richness; there's innocence!" laughed the shiner, and the man's face cleared and he poked up the fire and said they could sit nearer.

"S'pose me'n, you chip in and buy 'em sumthin' to stay their stomachs?" suggested shiner, all of a sudden. Tell you what, some of the children in this town don't have a square meal any more'n you'n me wear diamonds. Little gal, are you hungry?"

"Yes ma'am, if you won't be mad at us," she replied.

The man stood irresolute, but shiner went down into his pocket, rattled around and said:

"Here's ten cents that says they're hungry!"

"Well, I'll give as much," replied the man. "You go and buy something and they can sit here and eat it."

Shiner bought crackers and cheese, and the children ate until he felt obliged to say:

"Now, you cubs, go a leetle bit slow and save the rest for supper. Kin ye find the way home alone?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And do you feel as warm as 'taterbug rolled up in wool?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All right' then. We're dead to right obliged to this man, and I'll black his boots beside. You'd better run along homo now. What's ye goin to tell yer mother?"

"I'll tell her we come awful near going to Heaven, and my little brother he thanks you too, and now we'll go, and—and thank you ma'am, ever so many times, good bye!"

The man looked after them through the window with softer lines in his face than had been there for months. The boy stood outside on the walk and watched until they had turned a corner, and then exclaimed:

"Phew! but I most feel that I was ingaged to that gal!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Husband's Duty.

A very grave responsibility has the man assumed in his marriage. Doting parents have confided to his care the welfare of a loved daughter, and a trusting woman has risked all her future happiness in his keeping. Largely will it depend upon him whether her pathway shall be strewn with thorns or roses.

Let your wife fully understand your business. In nearly every case she will be found a most valuable adviser when she understands all your circumstances. If a dispute arises dismiss the subject with a kind word and do not seek to carry your point by discussion. It is a glorious achievement to master one's own temper. You may discover that you are in error, and if your wife is wrong she will gladly, in her cooler moments, acknowledge the fault.

Never neglect your wife for all the world besides. Never deceive; confidence once lost can never be wholly regained. Never give all your pleasant words and smiles to strangers—the kindest words and the sweetest smiles should be reserved for home. Home should be your heaven.

Never fail to tell your wife the truth; if truthful you get your reward—you will get your punishment if you deceive. Never fail to say a kind, encouraging word to your wife; praise and encourage her. To keep her love, be kind and loving—always be a lover.

And last and above all, to keep your wife's love and respect, be a strictly temperate man. It would be difficult to love and honor a man whom she is compelled to look down upon, who would drag himself, wife and children down to poverty, shame and disgrace. One and all, turn from the intoxicating cup. That alone makes more misery, causes more unhappy homes and is the greatest curse on earth. God pity the poor wife with an intemperate man. Her life's happiness will be completely destroyed by such a union. Better a thousand times the single, free and independent maidenhood than married to a man addicted to dissipated habits. Don't go "down town" every night to see a man, and then expect your wife to be all smiles when you come home.

It is said that Green Lake in Colorado has the highest elevation of any lake in the world. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. Pine forests surround it, and eternal snow decks the neighboring mountain tops. One of these, Gray's Peak, has an altitude of 14,341 feet. The water of Green Lake is clear as crystal, and very large rock masses and a petrified forest are distinctly to be seen at the bottom. The branches of the trees are of a dazzling whiteness, as though cut in marble.

A humorist, embittered by long and fiendish pursuit of puns, once impaled a baleful joke upon his wife at the close of a wash-day. She was preparing the frugal meal, whereupon she smote him over his broad brow with a stewpan. The dying man cried out as he fell, with a gleam of immortal triumph in his eyes, "Stewpandous joke!" and passed away to a brighter land.

The Young Lawyer's First Case.

The young lawyer conducting his first case before a jury is worthy of the deepest commiseration. Take him, for instance, in the criminal court, before which he has a case. While the prosecuting attorney is tying the first witness in bowknots and untying him again, the amateur sits listening, but endeavoring to look as unconcerned as a marble statue in a thunder storm. He throws in timid objections every time he thinks he sees a hole, and as each one is overruled by the court he puts on a stern look, as much as to say, "I'll knock the wind out of that in the supreme court." When the prosecutor, usually an old, able attorney, dryly says, "Take the witness," the youthful aspirant trembles a little and endeavors to swallow something that is sticking in his throat. He feels that every eye in the room is upon him and that they are as hot as stove lids.

He fires a few initiatory questions at the witness, and warms as he proceeds, until he is brought up standing by, "Oh! your Honor, we object to such irrelevent questions," followed by a few scathing remarks from the prosecutor. The court sustains the objection, and advises the young lawyer to keep within bounds, which sets him to wondering where in the thunder the bounds are. Objection follows objection, and each one is promptly sustained. He wonders why it is that a free and independent people will tolerate such one-sided justice. He plunges ahead blindly now, until he becomes so confused that he does not know whether he is a practicing attorcy with a gilt sign, or a flywheel on a steam wood-saw. Finally he runs out of questions, and with a sigh of relief or something tells the witness, "That's all." So he grinds through, and at last the prosecutor rises and proceeds to address the jury in a masterly style. As he progresses he picks up all the evidence adduced by the defense into particles fine enough to be incorporated into codfish balls. The youthful Blackstone wrestler begins to feel uneasy as his mind reverts to the fact that in a few moments he must deliver his maiden speech.

He wishes the prosecutor would hold his rip and keep it, until time to adjourn court, feeling satisfied that he could make a splendid speech the next day after it's fighting on the evidence. He tries to remember what the witnesses swore, but cannot recall the evidence to save his life. The prosecutor finally winds with a grand peroration, and as he says: "And, gentlemen of the jury," the youth nervously fingers his moustache, and wishes he had never begun the abominable business. Cold chills are fingering him all over the back, as if measuring him for a new shirt, and his spinal column aches as if it was tired and wanted to sit down awhile. Like Banquo's ghost, the lump in his throat won't stay down, by an obstinate majority, and he swallows it and wonders what he is going to say and how he will take him to say it. As the prosecutor calmly takes his seat, the young lawyer rises and moves to the front. He dares not look at the audience, and tries to imagine there is no one in the room but himself and the twelve sphynx-like forms in the jury box. The eyes of each juror are fixed upon him, and he would almost relinquish his hope of heaven if some one would raise a cry of fire to divert their attention until he gets a start.

Finally he shrugs his shoulders and manages to remark, "Gentlemen of the (swallows) jury." Very good. He then surveys them a moment, and every man in the box thinks he is endeavoring to read their thoughts; but he isn't. He is wishing to gracious he could read his own thoughts. At last he strikes out and goes for them about their intelligent looks, and how he feels that his client's interests are safe in their hands. At the same time he feels serious doubts as to their safety in his own hands. He worries through his speech with an average of two swallows at that lump to the sentence. The prosecutor closes the argument, and the case goes to the jury, who retire to a secluded room to chew tobacco, and ask each other what they thought of it. It so happens that the flimsy testimony against the accused warrants a verdict of "not guilty;" whereupon the amateur grasps his client's hand and whispers: "It was a hard fight but I got you out of it!" Then he rises, loads up enough law books to swamp a mud scow, casts a triumphant look at the prosecuting attorney, who smiles pleasantly in return, and walks slowly and majestically down the aisle to the door with as much dignity as if he owned a Western railroad. Oh, you can't deny it, even you old veterans—you've all been there!

The Great Salt Lake.

Four barrels of water of the Great Salt Lake will leave, after evaporation, nearly a barrel of salt. The lake was discovered in the year 1820, and no outlet from it has yet been ascertained. Four or five large streams empty into it, and the fact of its still retaining its saline properties seems to point to the conclusion that there exists some secret bed of saline deposit over which its waters flow, and that thus they continue salt; for, although the lake may be but the residue of an immense sea which once covered the whole of this region, yet, by its continuing so salt with the amount of fresh water poured into it constantly, the idea of the existence of some such deposit from which it receives its supply seems very probable.

For many years the lake gradually rose, but in 1879 it receded some two or three feet—a most unusual occurrence—owing to the exceptionally warm summer.

There are no fish in the lake, but myriads of small flies cover its surface. The buoyancy of the water is so great that it is not at all an easy matter to drown in it. The entire length of Salt Lake is eighty-five miles, and its breadth forty-five miles. Compared with the Dead Sea, the Great Salt Lake is longer by forty-three miles, and broader by thirty-five.

It is estimated that two billion matches are consumed every day in Europe. Assuming that each several act of ignition occupies the brief space of a second, which is less than the actual time taken, a mathematical editor has figured out that 63 years of precious time is occupied daily in the scraping process. In days this time would amount to about 23,000, or 555,000 hours.

There is nothing new under the sun. Whenever a reader of this paper calls another man "a brick" in a complimentary way, he is but repeating what was said thousands of years ago by a Spartan king. Plutarch says, an ambassador from Epirus was shown by King Agesilaus of Sparta over his capital, and expressed surprise at the absence of walls and fortifications. "Come to morrow," quoth the king, "and I will show you our walls." On the morrow he showed him an array of 10,000 men, remarking, "each one is a brick."

Tenderness of Old Hickory.

In the days of his youthful vigor, General Jackson was fond of what Dryden calls "a knock-down argument—a word and a blow." But when age and office had modified his temper, he omitted the blow, though his words were still as hard as cannon balls. Once, while President, he summed up the Websterian argument against nullification in this style:

"If this is to go on," he said to Gen. Sam Dale, his old courier during the New Orleans campaign, "our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle or endwise, and it will run out. I must tie the bag and save the country. By the God of heaven, I will uphold the laws, he continued, striding across the room, brandishing a long pipe.

"I hope things will go right;" interposed Dale, soothingly.

"They shall go right, sir," exclaimed the President, shivering his pipe upon the table.

"Old Hickory," as his admirers named him, was but a tender sapling when his emotional nature was touched. The slightest reference to his dead wife caused him to bow in grief.

"Sam," he said, at this same interview "you have been true to your country, but you have made one mistake in life. You're now old and solitary, and without a bosom friend or family to comfort you. God has called mine away. But all I have achieved—fame, power, everything—would I exchange if she could be restored to me for a moment."

And the strong man trembled with emotion, while, covering his face with his hands, he wept. Her memory he always cherished.

Late one night, the President's private secretary, wishing to consult him about a letter to be sent off in the early mail, tapped at his chamber door. On entering, he found the President sitting, undressed, at a little table on which rested his wife's miniature, propped up against several volumes. Between him and the picture lay her prayer-book.

The last thing the iron man did at night was to read in her book, with her miniature before him. During the day he wore the picture on his heart, suspended from his neck by a strong black cord.

The worshippers of Napoleon mention a delicate act of devotion done by him. On being elected First Consul he jumped into a carriage and was whirled away to Josephine, that, he might be first to tell her the good news. But in nine years Josephine was a cast-off wife.

Gen. Jackson made his dead wife a living presence. At his death he willed his property, as he thought she would wish it devised, to his adopted son. The son had shown himself an unsuccessful business man, and a friend suggested that the property be secured to the son's wife.

"No," said the general, "that would show a want of confidence. If she," pointing to the tomb in the garden, "were alive, she would wish him to have it all, and to me her wish is law."

The woman whose wish was law to the stern-willed man had been dead seventeen years.—*Youth's Companion.*

Nothing To Do.

Boarding-house life is responsible for a great deal of idleness among women. I was recently brought in contact with a young couple whom I will call Smith. The wife spends her time doing fancy work, reading novels and making calls. The husband is a clerk, on a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. They live up to every cent, with apparently no thought of the future. Mrs. Smith said once that she supposed she spent over a hundred dollars a year in worsteds, patterns, fancy braids gimps and the like. And she buys all her underclothes ready made, while a dressmaker is employed to make her dresses. She has a sewing-machine, which was a wedding present from a sensible uncle, but she never uses it. She has a piano, but can play only the most simple tunes, and she has a box of oil paints and a dozen or more brushes, but she has painted only a few shells and a small panel.

She is irretrievably lazy, and calls herself delicate. She never gets up out of bed until half past eight in the morning, and lies on the sofa certainly half of every day. If a visitor comes in, she monopolizes the conversation, and invariably manages to lead it to the subject of physical ills. Her personal ailments is a subject of which she never tires. I believe that in the few weeks I spent in that hotel with her, I heard the history of every pain and ache which had ever visited her body or her imagination since childhood. Not an ache could be mentioned by any one that she had not had, only in a more aggravated form.

When her husband comes home her method of entertaining him is to describe at length every particular pain she imagines she has felt during the day. He loves her now, and is very attentive and kind; but how much longer will his patience endure? How much longer will he submit quietly to hearing the tedious details of her headaches, backaches, neuralgia, sideaches, rheumatism, etc.? Even now he sometimes looks a little bored and weary as she begins the same old plaint as soon as he enters the room. He knows quite well—for he is a man of good common sense—that for the most part it is only in her imagination that she suffers. She forgets all her aches and pains very quickly if there is any project for amusement on foot.

As it is, she is a burden to herself and a bore to her acquaintances. Of real friends she has none; how can such a woman gain affection and esteem?

Sleep.

There is no danger of wearing this subject threadbare, for people are beginning to wake up to the fact that plenty of sleep is requisite to health, particularly in the case of brain workers. The more sleep the brain gets the better does the brain work. All great brain-workers have been great sleepers. Sir Walter Scott never could do with less than ten hours sleep. A fool may want eight hours, as George III said, but a philosopher wants nine. The men who have been the greatest generals are the men who could sleep at will. It was thus with Wellington and Napoleon. The greatest speakers in the house of commons have been the men who could go to sleep as much as they liked. This explained the juvenility of the aged Palmerston. Sleep is in many cases the best of medicine. A friend says that he treated himself for a fever. He went to bed with a pitcher of lemonade. He drank and slept, drank and slept until he was well again. When you take to your bed take all the sleep you can out of your bedstead, even although, to quote Dick Swiveler's saying, you may have to pay for a double bedded room, confessing that you have taken a most unreasonable amount of sleep out of a single bed; you will be banking a whole store of recuperative energy. It will be safe to say of any man, that if he sleeps well he will do well.

Miscellaneous Recipes.

Tarragon Vinegar.—Tarragon leaves are brought to market. Put them in a pickle jar, cover with vinegar, keep in a warm place for two weeks, until the vinegar is flavored. Then steep it over the fire, strain out the leaves and bottle for flavoring soups and gravies.

Rye Toast.—To one quart rye flour add one even teaspoonful of salt and sufficient boiling water to make a stiff dough. Put it in a buttered pan, have a bright, clear fire, and the grate well raked; prop the pan in front of the grate, and as brown crust forms strip it off and keep it hot and dry. Repeat this till it is all brown, then break it up, pour hot cream over it and serve in a covered dish.

Huckleberry Pudding.—Take a five-cent loaf of bread, cut in thin slices and butter, and put a layer in the bottom of a china baking dish; strew in the huckleberries and a tablespoonful of sugar; go on this way until you come to the top; then pour in a cupful of water and cover with bread on top, and bake until brown on top. Eat with milk. It ought to be sweet enough; if not, add sugar. Must be eaten cold.

Squash Cakes.—Boil the squash thoroughly in salted water, and, with a masher, after the squash is strained, make as smooth as possible; half a pint sifted flour a pint of milk and two eggs, four tablespoonfuls white sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt; mix these all together, having first beaten up the eggs; add to this two cupfuls of squash; beat it all up until it is smooth; half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar makes it lighter, but the mixture is well fried, in small, thin cakes, light enough as it is. Eat with powdered sugar.

String Beans.—String beans if well cooked, is a delicious summer dish. In the first place, plant or buy the right kind of beans; do not scorn improvements in vegetables, and keep on using the rank beans whose tough threads suggest "strings." Cut them in small pieces and cook until tender, giving ample time, say an hour when done turn off all the water in which they are cooked, let the kettle remain on the stove while you allow a large lump of butter to melt, then stir it in and put little cream and pepper and salt in it. String beans may also be used as pickles; steam till tender, not soft, then turn hot vinegar over them; they will be ready for use after a day and night. They will not keep well, but must be used soon after pickling.

Dutch Rolliches.—Honey-comb tripe is eight cents a pound. Take fresh tripe, cut it into square pieces and also cut into small bits pieces of flank of beef large enough to fill the tripe. Add a little fat with the lean beef, season with salt and pepper and sweet herbs and sew up in the pieces of tripe in round little balls. Put them in a pot of boiling water and boil slowly till you can pierce them with a straw. Skim off the fat, put a press on them while in the water, and let them stand till the next morning. Make a mixture of half the pot-liquor and half vinegar, cover them with it, and put them away in a stone jar, and when needed take from the liquor and cut in slices for supper.

Limburger.

The milk is delivered at the factory and strained into vats as for other cheese. It is then raised to a temperature of 90 degrees Fahrenheit, when enough rennet is added to coagulate the mass in about thirty minutes. The curd is then cut crosswise and lengthwise of the vat with a gang of steel curd-knives. Soon after it is turned with tin shovels frequently for an hour, when it is left for the whey to settle. If the curd is of the proper consistency, about two-thirds of the whey is removed. The curd is now ready for the molds into which it is dipped, the whey remaining escapes through the perforated sides of the molds. After the curd has hardened to a proper degree, it is placed upon a table slightly inclined, and the whey drains off, care being taken that the cheese retains the form of the molds. Then they are turned several times, and finally are ready to receive the salt, which is rubbed in by hand, morning and evening, for four days, thus gradually hardening, until they can be taken to the curing room, where the bricks of cheese are set on edge close together. After being properly cured, they are then packed for market. But prices for this cheese are also fluctuating, and the market or dealer frequently needs to store his cheese in a room of uniform temperature to preserve it fresh, and prevent it from becoming over-ripe. For this purpose large and deep vaults and cellars are built where the air is neither too hot nor too cold—and the cheese will keep well summer or winter. It is made with less expense than American cheese, its price is less fluctuating, and hence the milk of our dairymen is bought largely by dealers and made up by their employes. Proprietors for milk to be made into Limburger, or the price of milk will be regulated by the price received for American cheese at the factory.

Remedies for Emergencies.

Very few young mothers are able to control their nerves so completely as to keep from being startled when confronted with a cut finger with dripping blood, and the loud cries which announce a catastrophe. Sometimes she cannot collect her thoughts sufficiently to recall any of the good remedies with which she is familiar. One way to avoid this is to write out a list of help in trouble, and tack it upon the door of your room, after the manner of hotel regulations.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered resin. Get a few cents' worth, pound it until it is quite fine, and then put it in an empty, clean pepper or spice box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut; put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness.

In doing up a burn, the main point is to keep the air from it. If sweet oil and cotton are not at hand, take a cloth and spread dry flour over it, and wrap the burned part in it.

It is always well to have some simple remedies in the house, where you can get them without a moment's loss of time: a little bottle of peppermint, in case of colic; chlorate of potash for sore throat; pepsin for indigestion, and a bottle of pure brandy. Have them so arranged that you could go to them in the dark and reach the right one, but be sure you never do it, even if you know they have not been disturbed always light a lamp or the gas, and make sure you have what you are after. Remember that pistols are always loaded, and that poison may be put in the place of peppermint.

When a woman leaves a man who has not earned his salt for years, he advertises that he will pay no debts of her making.

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